

Support for FLQ mounting



Daily photo by Alex Alpern



Daily photo by Alex Alpern



Daily photo by Bill Ewing

Above: crowd of over 3000 gathered at a rally yesterday in support of the FLQ at Paul Sauve Arena. Below left: CSN official Michel Chartrand speaks in favor of the FLQ. Below right: Robert Lemieux pledges no compromise in negotiations for the Front's demands.

Strikes at Beaux Arts, CEGEP Vieux Montreal

Occupation at U du Q

by Ellen Beck

The students and faculty of the University of Quebec voted yesterday to shut down the university until the government meets all the demands of the FLQ.

With the tacit approval of the administration, all classes yesterday were suspended indefinitely. Students conducted mass rallies throughout the day supporting the actions of the FLQ.

The rector's office at the university, which is safe from police interference, has been turned into an organizational centre for student strikes across the city.

The main objective of the strike organizers is to arouse others to their cause. One special target is the 6,000 army regulars who have been patrolling the city since yesterday.

Students will be handing leaflets to the soldiers which read in part, "the federal government has asked you to die while killing your brothers... Don't be an unconscious collaborator of the enemies of the Québécois... Mutiny! We will conquer."

One of the strikers' tactics will be to stage repeated small disturbances, which will disrupt police and army activities and, they hope, keep them from in-

vestigating more important issues such as the kidnappings.

The co-ordinators stressed the importance of individual action. "On their own initiative people may take actions ranging from information to sabotage and bombing," commented a spokesman for the group.

The students hope to persuade factory workers to strike also. According to one of the students, the Conference des Syndicats Nationaux will give financial support to revolutionary groups in Quebec.

The student mobilization got under way Wednesday night at a meeting at the Université de Montréal. FLQ members Charles Gagnon and Pierre Vallières, labor leader Michel Chartrand and Montreal lawyer Robert Lemieux urged the students to support the FLQ.

Lemieux, students claimed, told them to "get out of your schools and mobilize".

However, support for the strike at the U de Q is far from being unanimous. One professor said last night "that those students and professors voting for a strike did not represent the university community".

"Although certain members of the faculty voted for the strike,"

he said, "the Union of Faculty members dissociated themselves from the strike completely."

But others have had more ambivalent reactions.

"I'm not ready to take up a gun now," one student said. "But if the situation continues as it is, in a week I'll be ready to fight."

FLQ's Chenier cell believed discovered

The Chenier cell of the FLQ has been uncovered, according to a report received by FLQ lawyer, Robert Lemieux.

At a press conference yesterday, Lemieux announced that according to information received police had not yet arrested members of Chenier Cell because they were awaiting the discovery of Liberation Cell as well.

"The government is stalling," charged Lemieux. "Thirty hours have passed since the government has received the FLQ's final demands."

Lemieux said that the government had plenty of time to make a decision. "The people of Quebec must judge if the government is acting in good faith," he continued.

Although Lemieux will continue

by Jean-Michel Joffe and Michael Prupas

Leading figures in the Quebec liberation movement spoke at a rousing meeting last night in support of the objectives of the FLQ manifesto. Approximately 5000 sympathizers at the Paul Sauvé Arena cheered enthusiastically as they listened to FLQ members Pierre Vallières and Charles Gagnon, labour leader Michel Chartrand and lawyer Robert Lemieux.

The speakers encouraged all partisans of Quebec liberation to campaign in their own milieus for the issues raised by the manifesto.

"The unity of the people is the only possible means of advancing the interests of the people", announced Chartrand, president of the Montreal Central Council of the CNTU. "Quebec is a country which has the same technological level and scientific capacities as any other part of the world, but it is only now that we can work towards a society rooted in a conscience populaire."

All speakers emphasized the need to avoid any actions of any sort which might be regarded as provocation by the police and by the army. "We must be solid," Vallières said. "We cannot afford to encourage the police to take reprisals against us."

The meeting was originally scheduled for the Centre Sportif of the Université de Montréal but the administration of the university refused the use of the premises. Le Front d'Action Politique invited meeting organizers to use the arena they had booked for

to negotiate between Quebec and the FLQ he is pessimistic about the outcome of the talks. He expressed the option that the police or government were taking actions concerning the kidnappings without informing him of these actions.

As an example of this, Lemieux mentioned reports of an alleged raid on Montcalm street in which FLQ supporters were detained. However, he was unable to get any further information from officials.

Discussing federal-provincial government relations, Lemieux asked, "Even if the provincial government gave into demands, would it have the support of the federal government?"

(Continued on page 6)

Movement leaders speak

a fund raising function after they were through with it. The large crowd composed mostly of students, was forced to sit through a two-hour auction, but spectators were rewarded for their pains by the arrival of FLQ lawyer Lemieux who decided to give his "final" press conference before the gathering.

Charles Gagnon analyzed the significance of the recent kidnappings upon the current Quebec political situation.

He pointed out that for the first time, both the federal and provincial governments were forced to recognize and deal with the socialist movement.

"No longer can the FLQ be regarded by the governments as a group of bandits or criminals," Gagnon stated. "The demands of the FLQ have been supported by unions, students and political groups and we can say that the FLQ includes all partisans of the Quebec liberation struggle."

"No matter what the result of the negotiations between the lawyers of the government and the FLQ is, a victory will have been won. This is truly the beginning of a movement which will advance the rights of the people of Quebec," he concluded.

Lawyer Lemieux received a tumultuous welcome when he entered the packed arena at 11:45 pm. As he stepped before the microphones, he raised a clenched fist salute which was greeted by chants of "F-L-Q, F-L-Q..."

Lemieux spoke briefly emphatically: "When the CSN, the FTQ, the CEQ, the UCC, even René Levesque, even the petty bourgeoisie and the students through their representatives, declare themselves in favour of the liberation of the 23 political prisoners in exchange for Laporte and Cross, then I say that is the real voice of democracy, ostie."

(Continued on page 6)

RALLY

Rally today at 1 pm on the steps of the Arts Building to support the FLQ and to oppose political repression.

Economics Department Meeting

Today at 1 pm in Arts W 120. All members of the Economics community are urged to attend. The text of the ESU statement on representation, to be presented at today's meeting, is published on page 5.

PSA to vote on concept of critical political science

by Alwyn Katz

Candidates for Political Science Association executive positions and departmental representatives to the Appointments Committee exchanged views at a PSA meeting held Wednesday.

The candidates are divided into two groups: one group calling for a critical political science and the other advocating a more moderate, "pluralist" approach that includes some involvement with the community.

The Platform for a Critical Political Science group calls for an analytical approach to the study of political problems, especially Quebec, an area they feel has been for the most part ignored in their department.

With an emphasis on competence, relevance, and the "creation of an open environment", the slate makes three main proposals: new decision-making structures - possibly parity for the students; improvement of evaluation techniques, such as the elimination of examinations and term papers in favor of community participation and analysis; course content altered drastically towards immediate national and provincial problems, rather than international affairs to give greater relevance and diversity to the department.

Opposition to the Platform is provided by a number of individuals who feel that the critical proposals will create a highly-radically oriented, rather than a balanced pluralist department.

They range in position from Steve Leopold, who in the course of his presentation indicated willingness to work with the faculty to change the existing states, but also a willingness for confrontation if last year's tactics were repeated, to James de Wilde, who wishes to see the Political Science department involved in a wide area of concern and investigation.

Other "opposition" candidates include Janet Hankin, last year's PhD representative, and Edward Goldenberg, a former president of the Young Liberal Club.

Following the policy presentations it was moved to postpone the voting from yesterday, a Jewish holiday, to Monday. The elections will be held 10 am to 5 pm Monday. All students taking at least a half-course in Political Science are eligible and encouraged to vote. The poll will be in the Leacock Building, on the main floor, near the elevators.

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RADIO MCGILL INSOUND: 2-8 pm.

SANDWICH THEATRE: Magic Moments of Movement. Union Theatre, 1 pm.

AFRICAN STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION: We have a great schedule of events for you! Come and discuss it and meet your fellow members. Refreshments provided. Union B 26-27, 7 pm.

BLOOD DRIVE: Any person or group (amateur) interested in entertaining during Blood Drive, Oct. 21-28. Call Robert 487-1422.

ARAB STUDENTS' SOCIETY: First general meeting. All arab students welcomed. Union 123, 5 pm.

CLD: Time schedule for encounter group. Stewart Biological N 7-28.

INDIA STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION: First general meeting. All students welcome. Union 327, 7:30 pm.

PRE-MED SOCIETY: Dr. J. Unwin speaking in the Francis Seminar Room - 4th floor Med Bldg, 1 pm.

DISCOTEK: Friday nite Discotek. Union Coffee Lounge, 9 pm. - 1 am.

AMATEUR RADIO CLUB: General meeting and voting for V. P. Proxies accepted. Union 401, 1 pm.

MONTEREGION GEOLOGY CLUB: Lunch meeting: "Travels in Arabia" by Dr. W. MacLean. All members and non-members welcome. PSC Room 211, 1 pm.

MOTORCYCLE CLUB: General meeting to discuss tour on Sunday. New members welcome. Union 123, 1 pm.

CURLING CLUB (MEN): General meeting for registration and discussion of plans. L 112, 1 pm.

CANTERBURY ANGLICAN CHAPLAINCY: Organizational meeting. All welcome. Yellow Door, 3625 Aylmer, 12 noon.

MCGILL FILM SOCIETY: "Pierre et Paul" (France 1968). L 132, 6:30 & 9:00 pm.

NEWMAN CENTRE: Friday nite supper. 3484, 6:15 pm.

POLISH CLUB: Conference by B. Wronski and films dealing with Polish war effort. McConnell Eng. Bldg. Room 209, 8 pm.

CAMERA CLUB: '70-'71 members get cards. \$5.00. Dark room, 12 pm.

SATURDAY
EUS & RVC: "Co-operation Dance". Beer. Admission \$1.00 each. RVC gym, 8:30 pm.
MSEA: "A Man for All seasons." L 132, 7 & 9:30 pm.

CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY: Film: "Rape of the Sword." Members: 25 cents with membership card. PSCA, 7 & 9 pm.

CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY: Basketball practice. Currie Gym, 10:30 am.

PHYSICAL ED. & Ed. SOCIETIES: Alesmen Physical Ed. Beer party. Student Union Coffee lounge, 8 pm.

SUNDAY
CANTERBURY ANGLICAN CHAPLAINCY: Folk mass and get-together. Back Door, 985 Sherbrooke W., 5 pm.

NEWMAN CENTRE: Eucharistic celebration. 3484 Peel, 10 am. & pm.

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY: Interested in Biology - come up and see us for lunch. Stewart Bldg, W 1/8, 12-1 pm.

FACULTY OF MUSIC: Indian Sitar Concert. Floor seating Indian style. Admission: Students \$1.00 & Public \$2.00. Redpath Hall, 9 pm.

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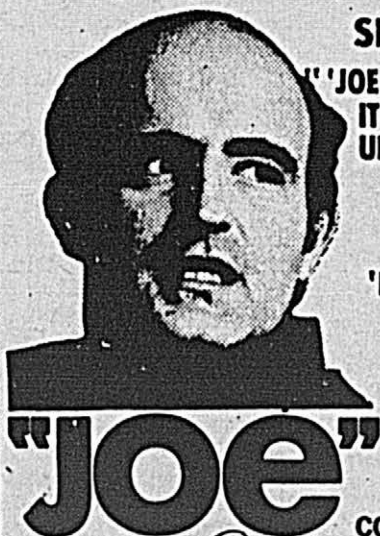
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Workers rap FLQ tactics

by Arnold Bennett

More than 60 workers last night resolved that "the Conseil de Travail de Montreal disapprove publicly of actions such as the kidnapping of J. Cross and Pierre Laporte, by rejecting "individual terrorism" as an improper weapon for the workers in their struggle for economic and political liberation."

The Charpentier-Menuisier local of the CTM, meeting at Carpenters' Hall also resolved "that the CTM reiterate its position

in asking all its affiliated locals to set up their own Comites d'Action Politique. And that it support the formation of citizens' and political action committees for other social groups."

The resolutions were passed after a heated debate in which workers and union leaders unequivocally condemned the FLQ as "terrorists", whose violence will "open the door to reaction which will destroy the organized work of years."

"Now Trudeau and Bourassa can talk about using the army", declared one speaker, who expressed the fear that the reaction to the FLQ will "result in the cutting off of individual liberty."

The preamble to the resolution stated that "the political and economic liberation of the workers can only be the work of the workers themselves" and that "terrorism and selective violence of a small marginal group risks feeding the repression on the part of the establishment, without diminishing its power."

It further affirmed that "terrorism and individual violence, as a philosophy and a method of action, is a negative factor in the transformation of the economic and political regime which is enduring the labour pains of our society."

These resolutions were carried without opposition, but debate over how to refer to the men whose release is demanded by the FLQ brought about a clear split on age lines.

About eight young workers objected strongly to an amendment replacing the words "political prisoners" with "the 23 prisoners mentioned by the FLQ". The amended motion called for the CTM to support negotiation of an exchange of these prisoners for the two hostages.

Older and middle-aged speakers were quite violent in their condemnations of the FLQ, one man referring to them as "bandits" and another calling for "violence for violence" and the shooting of the 23 prisoners if the hostages were killed.

One worker declared that while he was not in accord with the methods of the FLQ, he could see that they were a product of exasperation with conditions in Quebec, especially the high level of unemployment.

The consensus, however, was that the saving of lives was more important than semantics. While the amendment was passed with eight dissents, the motion itself was only opposed by two.

MFU supports FLQ goals

by Robert Mackenzie

The McGill Faculty Union came out solidly behind the aims and actions of the Front de la Liberation du Québec at their meeting yesterday.

Their support came in the form of ratification of the resolutions of the Montreal Central Council of the Confederation of National Trade Unions, of which the MFU is a member.

The resolutions include:

- unequivocal support of the FLQ manifesto

- support for the position taken by the Front de l'action Politique permanent council (that the violent methods adopted by the FLQ were forced upon them)

- condemnation of the arrest of FLQ lawyer Robert Lemieux and of the government for losing control of the police forces in Quebec

- reaffirmation of their belief that the FLQ will confine their attacks to the dominant minor-

ity in Quebec and not harm the general populace

- an expression of faith in democracy as practiced by labour unions, but not in democracy dominated by an economic dictatorship

The meeting attracted about one third of the Union's 35 card-carrying members, which was sufficient for a quorum.

Most of the members, and MFU president professor Sidney Ingerman, who was at a Senate meeting when the decision was reached, refused any comment further than "I'll wait and see what the other members think".

A brief discussion concerning the operation of the Faculty Club also took place, but no consensus was reached.

Some members of the Union believe that the University should not subsidize the operation of the Club as is being done now, especially with McGill experiencing financial difficulties. In their view, faculty members utilizing the facilities should bear the burden of its operation.



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Terror and repression

The alignment of forces in Quebec society today is such that the existing power elite can be the only ones who can benefit from the mood of both repression and chaos that is growing daily. While some people will see the deployment of the army as proof of how much the powers-that-be depend on force to maintain themselves, most people — including the hallowed working-class — will see the increased government show of force as a necessary step to protect lives and the social fabric.

Since it is hard to believe that terroristic tactics, especially the threatened murder of James Cross and Pierre Laporte, will make the workers of Quebec "aware of objective realities and ready to overthrow the ruling class", our main concern at the moment should be the growing signs of repression, police state and martial law.

While we know that granting of concessions to gangster tactics used by any political group can only lead to further exploitation of such methods, the FLQ has played its cards and has shown great determination; it is apparent that the lives of Cross and Laporte will be lost unless concessions are made. The provincial government appears prepared to make a deal for the two men held by the FLQ, but certain outside forces, particularly the federal government, are forcing a hard line on Premier Bourassa and are generally creating an atmosphere of "total war" and repression.

The federal government views the situation differently from authorities in Quebec. They are more concerned with putting a nice face forward in the international arena. They feel compelled to make grandstand plays to the pro-confederation Silent Majority in the country. They are probably under pressure from Washington to take a hard line. And Prime Minister Trudeau has apparently taken personal offence at the FLQ Manifesto and has unleashed the arrogant, right-wing side of his character.

One must agree with Rene Levesque who declares that the federal government is playing with fire and that their assessment of the situation could be tragically wrong. The kidnappings are a Quebec affair and the resolution of the situation must be made with the interest of Quebec, not Ottawa and Washington, in mind.

The Prime Minister's statements, insinuations and actions this week are destroying the image of social liberalism he has been able to maintain until now. He and his cabinet are seriously considering the declaration of some form of martial law, and they are calling in legal advisors to discuss methods for implementation. The Emergency War Measures Act can be enacted as soon as the cabinet says there is "war, invasion or insurrection, real or apprehended." The measures in the act include censorship of the press and naked repression of "insurrection". This would mean suppression of revolutionaries and moderates alike, and as FLQ representative Robert Lemieux predicts, further polarization of moderates and men of good will into either the terrorist or repressive camps.

The federal government seems not only willing to destroy its until now useful facade of liberalism; it appears to be playing into the hands of those who wrongly tell us that polarization at this stage of history is a healthy thing.

Joey Treiger

Comment: The Left shafts itself again

Once upon a time there was a progressive political and social movement in a city which we shall leave unnamed. It had a good, solid platform based on the pressing needs of the population in housing, health, and transportation, needs which were ignored by the civic administration in favour of more and better circuses.

People were starting to get quite optimistic about the movement, or CRAP, as they call it. They projected that it would gain enough seats on City Council to at last provide decent opposition to the mayor, who until then was surrounded by bourgeois yes-men of his own choosing.

The movement's platform offered something for everyone, even for the police, for after all, the fuzz are workers too. Thus the police budget would be out, but cops would have the right to strike if they so wished.

Any funds or legislation which the city could not provide itself, the movement would obtain, through "pressure," from the provincial government.

The movement's spokesmen neglected to explain how a government for the working class could get more money out of the province when a government for the bourgeoisie could not.

But every one assumed that election promises, after all, were election promises, and that the movement was entitled to its little white lies and pipe-dreams, especially when the existing administration was telling big black lies and asphyxiating the

workers on the smoke from the Olympic torch.

The people of the city really didn't have much of a choice. The movement promised them the opportunity to organize politically to improve the conditions of the districts in which they lived, and possibly to fight City Hall and win. Politicization was certainly no pipe dream, and people wanted less circuses and more bread.

The movement's main problem, however, was that it was a front, a coalition of many different points of view, some of them contradictory on certain key issues such as unilingualism. For this reason some citizen's groups although their primary objectives, and that of the movement were identical, did not affiliate with it.

One day CRAP did a stupid thing. Out of the depths of legend and the imagination of Lucien Phoniér had come the FLQ, or the Front de Liberation de Québec. Thinking that they were operating in Latin America, members of this group succeeded in kidnapping a British diplomat and a cabinet minister.

The FLQ also succeeded in publishing a manifesto which sounded quite moderate in comparison with its actions. In fact, many of its objectives were those of many progressive groups in Quebec. Which meant that they too suffered in the backlash.

The Parti Québécois, which had spent a great deal of time and effort building up its credibility in Quebec, denounced the terrorists.

René Levesque gnashed his teeth and even called them "sewer rats." (It isn't very pleasant to be shafted.)

But the heroic outspoken leaders of CRAP were not stymied. Although they claimed that their objective was purely democratization and better conditions in the City, and emphasized that provincial politics and even the mayoralty were low on their list of priorities, they spoke out.

First came the usual wishy-washy mealy-mouthed statement that a moderate makes when he is embarrassed by an extremist: "We agree with their objectives but not with their methods."

Then came the usual blague from everybody's hero Michel Chartrand, who can afford to make inflammatory statements because he himself doesn't have any votes to lose.

Add to all this the fact that on an issue of policy as important as this the rank-and-file in this supposedly democratic movement wasn't even consulted.

Add to this the principle that a movement claiming to represent all the workers cannot afford to appeal to the sentiments of only one nationality among them...

And you find that, because someone got his priorities mixed, the left may have shafted itself again, to leave us with just another pile of CRAP.

Arnold Bennett

Letters

FLQ outwits government

Sir:

In view of the events of the past week, I must say to the members of the F.L.Q.: "Chapeau bas, à vous messieurs, chapeau bas." It is not for the kidnapping itself that I acknowledge the mastery of the F.L.Q. (for to any conscious quebecois this event was long due) but to the tactical performance and organization. All along they were one step ahead of the governments and successfully

pushed them to an inescapable position. More surprising though, was the reaction of the people of Quebec. To many revolutionary socialists, the population of Quebec was not ready for such actions, having not been politicised enough: The kidnappings have shown that we were wrong.

Not only have the québécois remained indifferent to the abduction of Cross, but they immediately sympathised with the F.L.Q. after the Laporte affair. All through Québec a roar of laughter broke out at the announcement of Laporte's kidnapping; laughter which still persists as we look to the puppetry of Choquette by Ottawa, to the endless stereotype speeches and to a pitiful Bourassa.

More important, the governments have shown themselves unimaginative and powerless, entangled in ineffective police actions. They have shown themselves outclass by the mastery of the F.L.Q. and undermined by the reaction of the québécois.

J.P. Custeau

Mustard, anyone?

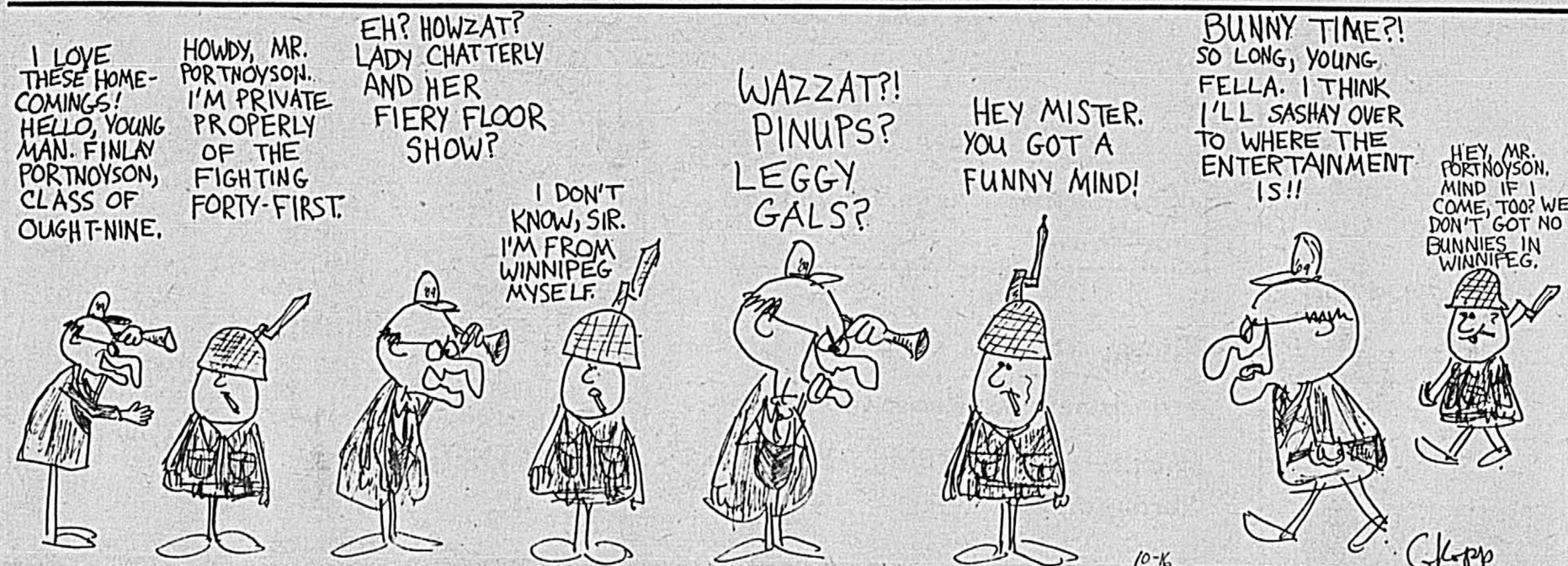
Sir,

The mayonnaise in the cafeteria is in sorry shape. Victor Mature or whatever - the - hell-his-name-is, better move his ass. What's this school coming to, anyway?

Love, Yer brother,
Peter T.

Lean and Hungry

George Kopp



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Terror and repression

The alignment of forces in Quebec society today is such that the existing power elite can be the only ones who can benefit from the mood of both repression and chaos that is growing daily. While some people will see the deployment of the army as proof of how much the powers-that-be depend on force to maintain themselves, most people - including the hallowed working-class - will see the increased government show of force as a necessary step to protect lives and the social fabric.

Since it is hard to believe that terroristic tactics, especially the threatened murder of James Cross and Pierre Laporte, will make the workers of Quebec "aware of objective realities and ready to overthrow the ruling class", our main concern at the moment should be the growing signs of repression, police state and martial law.

While we know that granting of concessions to gangster tactics used by any political group can only lead to further exploitation of such methods, the FLQ has played its cards and has shown great determination; it is apparent that the lives of Cross and Laporte will be lost unless concessions are made. The provincial government appears prepared to make a deal for the two men held by the FLQ, but certain outside forces, particularly the federal government, are forcing a hard line on Premier Bourassa and are generally creating an atmosphere of "total war" and repression.

The federal government views the situation differently from authorities in Quebec. They are more concerned with putting a nice face forward in the international arena. They feel compelled to make grandstand plays to the pro-confederation Silent Majority in the country. They are probably under pressure from Washington to take a hard line. And Prime Minister Trudeau has apparently taken personal offence at the FLQ Manifesto and has unleashed the arrogant, right-wing side of his character.

One must agree with Rene Levesque who declares that the federal government is playing with fire and that their assessment of the situation could be tragically wrong. The kidnappings are a Quebec affair and the resolution of the situation must be made with the interest of Quebec, not Ottawa and Washington, in mind.

The Prime Minister's statements, insinuations and actions this week are destroying the image of social liberalism he has been able to maintain until now. He and his cabinet are seriously considering the declaration of some form of martial law, and they are calling in legal advisors to discuss methods for implementation. The Emergency War Measures Act can be enacted as soon as the cabinet says there is "war, invasion or insurrection, real or apprehended." The measures in the act include censorship of the press and naked repression of "insurrection". This would mean suppression of revolutionaries and moderates alike, and as FLQ representative Robert Lemieux predicts, further polarization of moderates and men of good will into either the terrorist or repressive camps.

The federal government seems not only willing to destroy its until now useful facade of liberalism; it appears to be playing into the hands of those who wrongly tell us that polarization at this stage of history is a healthy thing.

Joey Treiger

Comment: The Left shafts itself again

Once upon a time there was a progressive political and social movement in a city which we shall leave unnamed. It had a good, solid platform based on the pressing needs of the population in housing, health, and transportation, needs which were ignored by the civic administration in favour of more and better circuses.

People were starting to get quite optimistic about the movement, or CRAP, as they call it. They projected that it would gain enough seats on City Council to at last provide decent opposition to the mayor, who until then was surrounded by bourgeois yes-men of his own choosing.

The movement's platform offered something for everyone, even for the police, for after all, the fuzz are workers too. Thus the police budget would be out, but cops would have the right to strike if they so wished.

Any funds or legislation which the city could not provide itself, the movement would obtain, through "pressure," from the provincial government.

The movement's spokesmen neglected to explain how a government for the working class could get more money out of the province when a government for the bourgeoisie could not.

But every one assumed that election promises, after all, were election promises, and that the movement was entitled to its little white lies and pipe-dreams, especially when the existing administration was telling big black lies and asphyxiating the

workers on the smoke from the Olympic torch.

The people of the city really didn't have much of a choice. The movement promised them the opportunity to organize politically to improve the conditions of the districts in which they lived, and possibly to fight City Hall and win. Politicization was certainly no pipe dream, and people wanted less circuses and more bread.

The movement's main problem, however, was that it was a front, a coalition of many different points of view, some of them contradictory on certain key issues such as unilingualism. For this reason some citizen's groups although their primary objectives, and that of the movement were identical, did not affiliate with it.

One day CRAP did a stupid thing. Out of the depths of legend and the imagination of Lucien Phonier had come the FLQ, or the Front de Liberation de Quebec. Thinking that they were operating in Latin America, members of this group succeeded in kidnapping a British diplomat and a cabinet minister.

The FLQ also succeeded in publishing a manifesto which sounded quite moderate in comparison with its actions. In fact, many of its objectives were those of many progressive groups in Quebec. Which meant that they too suffered in the backlash.

The Parti Quebecois, which had spent a great deal of time and effort building up its credibility in Quebec, denounced the terrorists.

René Levesque gnashed his teeth and even called them "sewer rats." (It isn't very pleasant to be shafted.)

But the heroic outspoken leaders of CRAP were not stymied. Although they claimed that their objective was purely democratization and better conditions in the City, and emphasized that provincial politics and even the mayoralty were low on their list of priorities, they spoke out.

First came the usual wishy-washy mealy-mouthed statement that a moderate makes when he is embarrassed by an extremist: "We agree with their objectives but not with their methods."

Then came the usual blague from everybody's hero Michel Chartrand, who can afford to make inflammatory statements because he himself doesn't have any votes to lose.

Add to all this the fact that on an issue of policy as important as this the rank-and-file in this supposedly democratic movement wasn't even consulted.

Add to this the principle that a movement claiming to represent all the workers cannot afford to appeal to the sentiments of only one nationality among them...

And you find that, because someone got his priorities mixed, the left may have shafted itself again, to leave us with just another pile of CRAP.

Arnold Bennett

Letters

FLQ outwits government

Sir:

In view of the events of the past week, I must say to the members of the F.L.Q.: "Chapeau bas, à vous messieurs, chapeau bas." It is not for the kidnapping itself that I acknowledge the mastery of the F.L.Q. (for to any conscious quebecois this event was long due) but to the tactical performance and organization. All along they were one step ahead of the governments and successfully

pushed them to an inescapable position. More surprising though, was the reaction of the people of Quebec. To many revolutionary socialists, the population of Quebec was not ready for such actions, having not been politicized enough: The kidnappings have shown that we were wrong.

Not only have the québécois remained indifferent to the abduction of Cross, but they immediately sympathized with the F.L.Q. after the Laporte affair. All through Québec a roar of laughter broke out at the announcement of Laporte's kidnapping; laughter which still persists as we look to the puppetry of Choquette by Ottawa, to the endless stereotype speeches and to a pitiful Bourassa.

More important, the governments have shown themselves unimaginative and powerless, entangled in ineffective police actions. They have shown themselves outclass by the mastery of the F.L.Q. and undermined by the reaction of the québécois.

J.P. Couston

Mustard, anyone?

Sir,
The mayonnaise in the cafeteria is in sorry shape. Victor Mature or whatever - the - hell-his-name-is, better move his ass. What's this school coming to, anyway?

Love, Yer brother,
Peter T.

Lean and Hungry

George Kopp





the Supplement

OCTOBER 16, 1970



SHORT STORY

by
PETER LORD

At the stroke of midnite, a decade reeled drunkenly to a close. Mediocre fireworks were set off out behind the barn & burst sullenly in the sky, the faint lite revealing the swift moving shadows of two unidentified young men stealing the motorcycle that was kept stored in the toolshed. A glass shattered around the corner in the kitchen. Shit, said a young female voice that promised nutmeg soup & steaming tumblers of Somewhere Over the Rainbow Juice about ten a.m. on a lazy Sunday morning following prayers & intercourse. Guy Lombardo sprang naked thru the window at the end of the living room, waving his atomic turkey noodle wand at the oil heater & snapping his fingers in time to some vague melody inside his Brylcreemed Royal Canadian head. Sorry I cant stay folks, he said, but my sled is waiting, & as Frost said, Ive miles to go before I sleep. There was a long sucking sound, & he disappeared in a north easterly direction, with a faint background jingle of bells that had once hung from the neck of a rabid cow who had merely being following orders. Beside me, Monique gasped something pink which matched her sweater & new corduroy pants, & I looked at

her very carefully & fell in love. From the roof of the outhouse, angels in cheap Mexican serapes, especially modified to fit wings, sang a medley of old Perry Como hits in three part harmony. Happy New Year!!! said the icing on the big chocolate cake in the middle of the table, & another log shot itself into the woodstove crying REMEMBER AUSCHWITZ!!! I wanted to lean to my left & kiss the side of Monique's face, but I hadn't received any mail in over a month, & so I wasn't particularly certain of my position in the sexual attraction hierarchy anymore. Music drifted out across the room from the stereo in loose tumbleweed patterns, tough jerking songs about love that drove me insane because the words were all wrong. I was feeling soft, mescline warm, & highly fluid, with hands that wanted to graze rather than grab, & the singer was screaming about eight track rape with exploding guitar accompaniment.

Is it bigger than a breadbox? someone in blue swinging a brownbottle gallon of wine asked in a voice thick with adolescent silkworms gone bad. Things fell apart. I noticed that my boots had disappeared, & then remembered that they'd been missing for over a week, ever since that morning in Grace Newly's apartment when the picture of her mother on the mantle had winked at me & asked for a lite. The pocket on my shirt was ripped, & suddenly

everyone in the living room noticed this, despite the protective coating of my dark blue sweater. Loud laughter swarmed in my direction, with the intensity of a horde of sea bass falling on the same piece of bacon dropped from the sandwich of a careless fisherman, whose Swiss Army knife was slowly rusting at the back of his tackle box. I turned red & tried not to look at Monique, but it was impossible. It was at that moment that the Great Rat lowered himself down thru the ceiling on four strands of laquered piano wire & came to rest near the oil heater.

Monique had deep pools of eyes that pulled me inside her mind & told me that she was kind to animals & enjoyed a good laugh. Her hair was long & blond & kinky in the full sense of the word, puffing out from her head like a miniature hydrogen bomb explosion, without any accompanying dan-druff fallout. Her finely sculptured face was, in effect, a reality pump; sucking me upright from my prone Coppertoned position under the regulation striped parasol on my fantasy beach, & yanking me across the stale shark infested ocean to the horizon of the farmhouse living room, much to the astonishment of the lifeguard in the chipped white tophat who fell off his highchair & swallowed his gum. A beggar in an opera cape driving a battered 1962 Snowmobile arrived at the front door. Hello, he said, my name is Michael J. Anthony, & I have here a cashier's check... Some-

one wearing a leather vest & a Nixon/Vincent Peale button jerked the stranger thru the doorway & shoved an apple found abandoned on the Snow White set into his mouth. The opera cape changed into a delicate Italian racing bike & whizzed off in the general direction of the bakery, while the stranger drooled & chewed happily, anticipating worms & razor blades. One of the many ponies that lurked around the farmhouse waiting for the dregs from the hairbrushes was busy outside eating the Snowmobile. Michael J. Anthony attempted to telephone the police, but Monique very alertly blocked his effort by turning him into a cut glass bowl of Rice Krispy & Sugar Plum Fairy punch. She laughed in delite at this, & as the smoke cleared away, I touched the corduroy treads of her knee cautiously, in the same manner in which a novice gasoline station attendant would caress his first Firestone. She seemed not to mind; the room spun madly & I thot of being alone with her on a isolated cable car winding its way upwards thru the Swiss Alps, heading towards the scene of the ultimate postcard, behind which rested a giant four poster bed.

The page of the living room was unlined & filled with strange etchings of people who seemed vaguely familiar. Beer was being consumed loudly in enormous quantities, & empty bottles were gleefully smashed against the stone hearth of the non-existent fire place next to where Les sat dreaming of his wife, home made bread, owning his own cow, & Wilhelm Riech.

Outside, a dreary New Year moon glared down over the snow covered fields, alive with the waterproofed flashlight beams of albino dew worm pickers, who had failed to realize that the season was over & that the hot dogs had been placed back in the rack until the warm sun brought the zinging sound of the springs first pitch. Unmanned toboggans whizzed in & out of clumps of drooping trees supports, guided by the cosmic intelligence known only as the Great Hen, & narrowly missing boulders & slit trenches filled with the frozen bodies of hairless ex-rodeo stars. Have a glass of Michael J. Anthony punch someone said, holding out an Oxydol mug spilling over with tiny silver wings & chocolate swastikas. Rick walked into the room, his eyes ablaze with unrealized epiphanies & the responsibilities of being a plant chemist. He spoke in french to Monique while I looked on & listened helplessly, my fists knotted into balls of linguistic inadequacy. Across from me, a boy wearing a miracle - plastic peace symbol pendant was trying to grow a beard, while his socks rolled up & down restlessly.

I closed my eyes & was immediately aware of the fact that I was one large houseboat churning up the Nile River past the smouldering ruins of Amerika. Rip Van Winkle hung spreadeagled & blood dripping dead twenty-years-ago snores from a cross stuck like a starched flower into a giant Coca Cola bottle. Monique was buried in my arms, crying soft mint-flavoured tears at the site of the mounds of bayoneted kittens

that lay twitching in the exposed cellar of what was once the Governors Mansion. The roof of the sky was caked with starved & striped locusts, & the air around us rang with the screeches of dishwashers gone berserk & the scratch of the Great Hen's red felt pen, which was busy rearranging the topography of the Eastern Seaboard. We cruised on, dodging billboard icebergs which displayed only the capitol letters, past the slowly spinning back wheels of police motorcycles which were being thumped with oil slicked nitesticks by catfish who preferred Walter Cronkite two to one, & skirting the mangled bodies of Hollywood starlets whose hemlines were coated with travel stickers & the early stages of plastic syphilis. Suddenly, we crashed thru a barrier of moulding corn & found ourselves in the Mid-West.

There were curtains on the bedroom windows of the houseboat & we drew them shut, cutting off the decaying hairoil brilliance of the surrounding countryside. The bed was exquisitely soft; feathers plucked from the wings of plumb young grade A angels & stuffed silently into the mattress by an unknown hand wearing two conflicting signet rings on the middle finger. Monique's breasts lay quietly atop her chest, like two perfectly matched & nipples atop a sensually oriented couch. Her skin was cool & smooth, & pock marked with the intangible beauty of goldfish swimming across the sunset shadowed floor of some heavenly ocean, long before the invention of God. Bursts of magic radiated outwards from her kneecaps, & my mouth opened to say I love you, the words carefully winding thru the silken detours of her hair & sliding musically into her ears. I lay down beside her & our bodies touched; I could feel the ache in my belly disappearing into her, telling her much better than words possibly could just how much I wanted & needed her. As we made love, the hands of the clock spun out of control, & in the corner of the room, the lamp with the Ascension Sunday patterned shade smiled at us & turned itself off.

Invisible birds perched high on the branches of invisible trees crooned us to sleep. The Mid-West slipped by us unnoticed, & an armada of well worn rocking chairs flew low over the empty fields, avoiding the radar installations located in the suburbs of Sioux City, making a last suicide run on the still intact community of St. Petersburg Florida, where electro-cardiograph booths on the third floors of department stores clucked & chuckled out dishonest readings with every inserted quarter. At one point during the night, I awoke & discovered a small nibbling horde of miniature sheep frolicking in the rolling pastures of Monique's body. Their fleece was like purple in colour, with the exception of the areas about their mouths, which were stained a thick yellow from nicotine & whiskey sour splashes. I whispered to them to go away, then brushed Monique's forehead with my lips & dropped back into sleep. At dawn we were awoken by the sizzling smell of eggs being fried in butter & the perking odour of dark textur-

ed Brazilian coffee which had been stored for several years in a Topeka Kansas warehouse next to an Episcopalian bookstore outlet. We were both ravenous & spent well over an hour at the breakfast table, the speed of our forks as they zipped from plate to mouth making them virtually impossible to see. I love you Monique, I said, over a low wall of marmalade drippings, & she smiled at me, mushy pieces of bacon barely visible between the delicate crevices of her front teeth. After the dishes had been washed & put away, we made love & then dressed & went out on deck.

The West Coast was slowly looming into view, surrounded by a thick heavy fog which consisted for the most part of finely shredded religious pamphlets & pieces of string once used to wrap horse meat & thus disguise it as roast beef. Housewives with curlers in their hair & shopping carts full of bargains & deformed infants ploughed their way along sidewalks littered with twenty-five pound prunes & lipping bottle caps. Unanswerable questions from cancelled quiz programs ran wildly thru streets covered with the popcorn bloated bodies of movie usherettes, smashing variety store windows with lengths of lead pipe wrapped in polyethylene rain caps & scooping up thumbtacks, rubber boots, & goat saddles left over from the Civil War. Oranges wearing neon-sparkle sunglasses poured out of sneak previews & ran to corner news stands to read the reviews, totally oblivious of the sequined pythons who poked their heads out of sewer gratings & hissed hypnotic lyrics about missing ribs & a DDT-free garden to the left of the moon. Sunshine-eroded hospitals echoed with the sounds of a single cough & the spirit of Ramon Navarro receiving an X-ray, while on a galvanized mountain top further down the coast, the collected works of Betty Furness were placed into a solar oven & broiled by an ex-masseur with the words MOTHER & ZEUS tattooed on his chest. Deeply tanned voices whispered Baby & Darling from underneath slippery polished white convertibles crammed with hardened diaphragms & broken vials of Fra Eastern aftershave, & a balding stork flew under the Golden Gate bridge into a giant piece of Johnsons Baby Oil scented flypaper.

Monique & I stood helplessly on the houseboat deck & watched as steamshovels manned by smirking video-tape machines wearing starched blue overalls buried the secrets of instant-replay under tons of earth & mildewed nasal inhalers. Black steaming clouds lurched towards us from the direction of the Hawaiian Islands, & without saying a word to each other, we both realized that the time had come to turn back. A snap of Monique's fingers notified the Great Hen, & He threw the switch....

Another bottle of beer shattered loudly, & I opened my eyes & looked out into the living room. A large rat lay sprawled by the oil heater licking his teeth, slowly hardening pieces of a young

blonde girl in a green jumpsuit stuck to his long curving whiskers. A large number of people I had never met were laughing at a joke which I hadn't heard being told by someone who had just left. The bones of several Cornish Hens were arranged in a loose mandala formation in the centre of the rug, & the sound of water being pumped by someone with a heart condition wearing a blue bandana squeaked out of the kitchen. A salt shaker sobbed moistly in the corner, next to the assemble-it-yourself bookshelf which had been delivered in a mysterious trunk that no one had opened for months, because it looked like it might contain a dead body or a typhoid carrying mother-in-law with an infallible anti-acne formula.

A low drum roll started up from behind the orange batik curtain & people started to disappear. One second they were sitting in front of me, & the next second they had vanished without leaving any trace. A small wooden cuckoo popped out of the mirror with an anti-magnetic radish in its beak & announced the time. It was three o'clock. We are but a single key on the organ of the Great Hen, said a fanatically robust voice from behind the Van Gogh print. I looked to my left to where Monique had been sitting, but she had disappeared too. My body filled with emptiness as I watched her portion of the mattress slowly push itself back into shape, like a collapsed lung receiving a helium reprieve. Except for myself & the glowing tips of abandoned cigarettes, the room was empty.

Outside, the New Year breeze snapped around the corners of the farmhouse looking for long underwear to knock off a clothesline. Cars putted around the small mountain at the end of the valley past the town dump, their headlights picking out the figures of tiny costumed Aztecs sacrificing an unemployed cocktail waitress atop an altar improvised from a single chunk of a Cadburys Caramilk bar. Faraway dogs grrred ferociously from behind picket fences smeared by the fingerprints of curious neighbors with divorces & late night movies on their minds. Things had returned to normal; the air was filled with the comforting zing of bullets & the erotic whoosh of rockets adorned with clever caricatures of cities blowing up. I sighed heavily & settled back to sleep, wishing that Monique was lying quietly beside me in her long purple robe with the hood that kept her ears warm when it became cold. Happy New Year, I said to the imaginary Xmas tree at the end of the room, & it short circuited the entire house in reply. I tossed & turned for fifteen minutes before I lost consciousness, & the last memory I had was of the Great Hen bending over me tying his sneaker & whispering Good Night in a mediocre imitation of Cary Grant.

Later on, it started to snow, & I skied over the hill behind the barn in my dream, to where Monique was waiting for me on the soft bearskin rug in front of the sputtering fireplace in her dream.



NO SOLITUDES

by george bowering

"Why don't you write a poem about separatists?" now yr in Montreal, or at least Westmount for ever or at least a winter.

From my balcony the other yards, cubistic as taught this eye by Greg Curnoe, but he is in London, Middlesex Country Ontario, crushing bones for art. Even the washing on the lines cubistic, the map of the prairies as in my old jigsaw, to be fitted all its straight lines. Look at Saskatchewan, obeying the narrowness of its north due to the longitudes & not Mercator. He was no Frenchman, never in Prince Albert. Who was also never in Oliver, B.C., where I was & am still, but where there were no Chinese as further north 27 miles in Penticton, where I was born

to bring it all here where I think I command, in my own ambiguities walking among French Canadian blackleather coats.

walking that is, linear in the poems as no separation makes feasible as the Place Ville Marie names Montreal, & in its sunset turns on its lights, seen from Mt Royal, cubistic but seen with the same eye that sees angular church domes, French fried potatoes, long cubes on the ground, fitting in.

TWO POLICE POEMS

GEORGE BOWERING

by Mary Swaine

The very tiny book, "Two Police Poems" is just that. The two poems which comprise the book are examples of police brutality, bribery and corruption in poetic blank verse form, which explain the conceptual transition of a 14-year old comic-book idealism pertaining to policemen.

Being such a tiny book, the development and complexity of the theme (police brutality) are limited. The poetry itself is very simple, almost to the point of plainness, and to the point. No complexity or interplay of emotions is visible. Mr. Bowering means the events poeticized upon to "speak for themselves".

The poetry is not pendent or ranting, and rarely seems to exaggerate the policemen's cruelty. Mr. Bowering does not condemn or curse the policeman, because it ain't his fault. Besides (here enters the

first suspicion of an undercurrent) to hate the world would be useless as the policeman is merely the overt statement of the subterranean evil which lies in the hearts of men or man.

"I don't hate them I don't hate them..."

Because a policeman is a ... man, a man under a mass mind its vigilant...? no, violent undercurrent.

In effect, the message is that "There are no American cops" (in the same sense that there is no "America The Beautiful"). I think the book is an excellent sentence which should be read, at least, by everyone who hasn't seen such things at the films on the Chicago Democratic Convention of 3 years ago.





CITY:

BY DAVE CHENOWETH

CITY:

Sky-line
etching scratched steel-plate
cutting into copper dusk
sharply violates
this perfection of buildings.

Buildings and backdrop:
this is one place.

The unreal stage
with isolate actors
in a De Mille scene.

how can anything made hollow
be so full?

Here in the City,
we fall heights
into ourselves.

CITY: scene two, dialogue

We planned them.
We draw clean lines
on a blue perfection.
We printed our real thoughts,
and these things became our thoughts.

Cut, cut, cut...
Why didn't you say it with love?

CITY: scene three, a moral touch

A church was built here of glass,
but nobody looked.

A hymn for the City:
"the modern circumcision marks us,
our religion marks us,
cutting into our fabric
with these falling lines.

Our fishermen have nets of steel.
We have lost our nets of cord.
We are looking for a human touch".

CITY: scene four, a dramatic touch

I love this city, not by choice
but since she has my voice
and her sewers drink my water.

My feet touch her pulse:
she has made me a surgeon.
When I look at myself,
I scream for a scalpel.

I will leave her a note saying
that I did this for love.

CITY: scene five, the cop-out

I heard a planner say that there is hate here. He
said the City
breeds hate like rats in the gut. He
said the solution was to
build higher so you won't
notice them till you fall down.

He said...

CITY: scene six, artsy craftsy

We only use the sky for making silhouettes:
photographs a hundred stories high
that I can tear with my thumb.

The city is technical art
housing museums.

Hail the architects and artists
who use concrete for varnish
and don't sign their work.

CITY: scene seven, a child's game

One
Two Three
Four Five Six
Seven Eight Nine Ten
We have built a City.

CITY: scene eight, a Sunday drive

What is the country?
The country is where
they have built the roads
to take you to the country.

CITY: scene nine, love

I love this City, damn it,
(but) one tree here, at times,
seems sweeter than a forest.
This is my place (:)
and I live. (I live here)

CITY: scene ten, closing montage

Mary,
City woman,
pray for us now,
at the moment of our breath.

SESSION ON HAWKES

by clarke blais



MÉLANIE

by gus mackay

By the common consent of many writers and critics, John Hawkes is one of the leading half-dozen American novelists now writing, yet by all odds he is the least well-known. This judgement was rendered by Leslie A. Fiedler in his 1960 introduction to the *Lime Twig* and it remains valid ten years later — despite the publication of his longest novel to date, *Second Skin*, a collection of plays, and a gathering of his earlier novellas. He is still "avant garde" to many, still "difficult" and above all, still a writer's writer.

The difficulties had best be admitted; reading Hawkes demands a certain sophistication (I feel I have "taught Hawkes" long enough to know), and one is tempted to raise the same question in reading *The Beetle Leg* (1951) or *The Lime Twig* as he does in viewing some of the later films of Ingmar Bergman: namely, where am I, what's going on, is this sane or mad, awake or sleeping, realism, fable, surrealism, allegory, myth — what? It has happened before. The critics demanded the answers from Faulkner, and from Joyce before him, and from Eliot; it is the inevitable result of a knotty integrity and a self-conscious mastery of forms.

The visible work of John Hawkes, like Borge's Pierre Menard, is briefly enumerated: the early (undergraduate) novel *The Cannibal* (1949); the early novellas, "Charavari", "The Owl", and "The Goose on the Grave"; *The Beetle Leg* (1951); *The Lime Twig* (1961); *Second Skin* (1965), plus the plays and shorter pieces already mentioned. In twenty years, four novels; this perhaps indicates that the demands he places upon his readers are not merely for effect, they are inherent in the conception as well as the execution of his work.

Hawkes has never repeated himself, at least not in the usual sense of theme, plot or setting. The first novel was "set" in post-war Germany, the next in the desert south-west, the third in England, the fourth in the tropics. Of course there is a common setting for which Arizona or London is merely correlative; "lunar" was once suggested by Leslie Fiedler, "nightmarish" by others. Hawkes simply refuses to subordinate "place" to character or theme, as most conventional novels do — his England, for example,

Margaret remembers none of it and Mr. Banks, her husband, is not a talker. But Miss Eastchip's brother went down in his spotter's steeple, tin hat packed red with embers and both feet in the enormous boots burning with a gas-blue flame. Lily got word of it the eve he fell and with the duster hanging down her wrist and the tears on her cheek she looked as if someone had touched a candle to her nightdress in the dark of our teatime. She stood behind the captain's chair whispering, "That's the end for me, the end for me," while the bearer of the news merely sat for a moment, teacup rattling in the saucer and helmet gripped between his knees.

"Well, sorry to bring distressing information," the warden had said. "You'd better keep the curtains on good tonight. We're in for it, I'm afraid."

He twisted up the leg, tied the rubber hose so that the lower calf went white and the upper darkened, making the child appear ready for transfusion. Keeping the blade out of the child's sight, he peered at the fang marks in the coloring flesh. A crack of static burst from the car. "Try another station, Lou," called Camper and they heard the whirr as the window was rolled shut.

are likely to be rejected by the natives of the place. "Preposterous," one British reviewer wrote recently of the murders in *The Lime Twig*, "British bobbies don't wear guns." And no doubt the good people of Arizona (or wherever) would deny that a mother could be so callous in the face of snake-bite. Further on in *The Beetle Leg* a fisherman in the new reservoir hooks a baby through the hard palate — and why not, since there are fields and houses and many a corpse under those dammed up desert waters. What Hawkes requires is an active sense of surrounding, a place that engulfs the action and the perceptions of the characters, and not merely a convenient, passive backdrop to lay the plot, or provide for easy recongition. Tea-time and the spotter's steeple, snake-bites and the magnetic mountains — it's a hostile

country, as he reminds us so often — but it returns a world made whole (if terrifying), a world as psychically whole to his characters as it must have been to druids and Apaches — a setting, in other words, that is virgin.

And the same must be said of Hawkes' characters. They are not case-studies, not ego-centres, not miniature histories, and certainly not portraits from life. They are not "characters" as conventional literature has come to define them. The interest of the novel is not solely invested in them, and, quite frankly, we are not invited to "recognize ourselves" in them. Hawkes is not a congenial spirit; we do not "identify" with his characters (except with Skipper, the narrator of *Second Skin*) in the way we might with Kurt Vonnegut's, or John Barth's.

In an important interview, John Hawkes once stated that he began to write fiction with the assumption that plot, theme, setting and character were the enemies of fiction. (Especially, one gathers, the normal hierarchy which places character on top, then theme, then plot, and finally setting). The success of his own fiction, he went on to say, depended on the amount of conscious control that could be brought to bear on "fully liberated" material from the unconscious. Structure, then, was all. Density, symbol, myth: the rhythm and repetitiveness of language itself, and the clues they offer to the buried reality — "beating inert reality into life," he stated in a later talk — that is the only "meaning" one can pluck from the fiction of Hawkes. His novels so perfectly formed that no "meaning" is necessary: in this regard they resemble the fictions of Borges, the plays of Beckett, and the films of Bergman. Sophisticated art that defies interpretation (while inviting, even while satisfying conflicting views); finally, sophisticated art that works its way back from the worn-out uses of Freud and myth, through all the conventions of modernist novel, through the cuttings and economies of cinema itself, to a stark unity. These novels don't "mean"; they are.

John Hawkes will be reading from his own fiction with commentary October 22, at 8 p.m., room 26 Leacock Building. John Hawkes will also be in the arts lounge at 10:00 a.m. for informal talks with students.

Melanie Safka is only 21. In just over a year, she has recorded three albums, has two best selling singles on Am radio and has garnered unprecedented approval from the musical community for her talents both as a composer and a performer.

Her songs are now inquisitive and searching. She is questioning her beliefs, and finding new answers from those around her. She is no longer the introspective, slightly selfish female she once was. She is admitting to other alternatives and interpretations to life. On top of all this, she desperately wants to be heard.

It wasn't until her third recording (Melanie — Candles in The Rain) that the public suddenly started to listen. A single from the album entitled "Lay Down", shot her into prominence. The song was recorded with an orchestra and the Edwin Hawkins Singers, the total effect was devastating. It shook the rooftops and in the same breath, calmed the storm. It was as close to a gospel tune as anything else, unlike any song she had ever written.

And yet "Lay Down" is only

one of the nine superlative tracks on this album. She does a beautiful interpretation of James Taylor's "Carolina On My Mind", as well as the Stones' "Ruby Tuesday". She still remembers the old days with a ditty called "Alexander Beetle". Included is the original version of the Seekers' "What Have They Done To My Song Ma", which Melanie wrote.

It would be presumptuous to assume that Melanie's career has reached its peak. Over the course of this past year, she has gone through countless changes, which can be detected from her songs. All at once she wants to be a child, a peace maker, and a woman. A part of her lives each one. She is a complete person who thrives on life as it is, and how she wishes it could be.

Perhaps, her note to the Edwin Hawkins Singers is the most suitable summation:

"I was so afraid I would always have to sing along..."

Thanks to all of you I got my chance to sing with the whole world

Love, Melanie.



STATIC

Dear Sir,

Deborah Zack's letter about the Supplement's poetry of September 25, reminded me of the directives given by Jdanov and Stalin to Soviet artists to produce positive and optimistic art. "If poetry is to be negative and contracted, if it is to wail a gutless pathos then it is but succumbing to the very depravity and futility which haunt us from all sides". Right Miss Zack? Such remarks are at best unjustifiable and I found it difficult to see anything in Leiber's or Dereford's poetry to inspire such harsh judgement uttered in over-

used cliches which are best left with Boy Scouts and Soviet academicians.

I agree with the assumption that the poet be a visionary but let's not be naive: his vision need not always entail beauty and hope. And if it is true that beauty is each man's potential, Miss Zack, it is far from being part of each man's reality; a fact that most of us deplore but a fact that we must live with unfortunately.

Gérard D.



TOMMY A PREVIEW

by deborah zack

I was lucky enough last week to be invited to witness a preview of "Tommy", which is being presented by Les Grands Ballets Canadiens at Place des Arts on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, October 16th to 18th. This preview was a rehearsal of the show without costumes, without the audio-visual material that complements the choreography and music.

Dancing and Music — creative and stimulating of their own accord. The choreography is dynamic, moving — it excites the senses by portraying its story in an open, unafraid manner. The dancers in the Company are young; as such, their performance lacks that greater poise and surety that develops over years of strenuous experience. The boldness of the action appears, at times, to be falling out of control, but these moments are rare. I am inspired by the vital expressions on the dancers' faces — that vitality which reveals a deep involvement in their effort to communicate with their bodies. Emotions are delicate, mysterious entities; to make us understand them through body language is a demanding task. It requires of the dancers a keen sense of rhythm and an overall integration of movement that transcends indi-

dual showmanship. This sense and integration are present in the performance — it lives as a whole that relates both inwardly and outwardly, a penetrating interaction of human bodies and souls.

I admit that there are weak moments in this interaction; moments in which I am conscious of a breaking of the continuity and flow of action. This allows the audience to fall for a moment out of involvement in the action. Whereas during the greater part of the story, I am as though suspended in a state of intimate communion with these people, the fractured flow of movement drops me for an instant back into my position as Observer.

Despite these gaps, and despite the occasional lessening of utmost control of the movement, "Tommy" is a wonderful experience. And I mean wonderful in the sense that it shows how ballet, a most disciplined and rigorous Art form, can adapt itself to the sensuous spirit of "The Who's" music.

This is my preview — I urge you to go and see what I'm talking about.



S.M.C.Q. OPENS SEASON

by brian segal

The very mention of the words 'contemporary music' usually conjures wild thoughts in the minds of most men. Contemporary music has been called everything from dripping water faucets to unmitigated crap. And indeed, if we expand those descriptions a little and include the words fair and excellent, we come upon the realization that since people started playing around with tones there has been some good, some bad, and a sparse amount of genius. Unfortunately the public is accustomed to hearing only the genius or near genius.

All of which leads us into a consideration of the only large scale contemporary music organization in the Province. THE SOCIÉTÉ DE MUSIQUE CONTEMPORAINE attempts each year to present to the interested public a raft of recent works by contemporary composers. The 1970-71 season looks like a good mixture of music which could easily convert the novice. For one thing, that arch-rebel super-flashy Karlheinz Stockhausen is slated to make a personal appearance in March. This event alone makes the acquisition of season tickets a tempting thought. Include this with works by many notables such as Stravinsky, Messiaen, Ives, Berio and a host of others, and you have a drawing card for the season.

The great advantage of including these well established works in the programme is two fold.

For one, the music is bound to be of a high quality. Also, by integrating the proven and the new, THE SOCIÉTÉ will attract listeners who will during one evening be treated to some familiar sounds, and without any pain, introduced to completely new works.

The season will open on the 22nd of October with a concert that's bound to be interesting. The concert is scheduled to begin with the premiere of VOICES by Montreal composer Alan Heard. The piece is based on settings of Japanese poems, and will be sung by Margo McKinnon, soprano. A cursory glance at the score indicated that THE SOCIÉTÉ season will begin on a rather tender note.

Following this sensitive send-off, the audience will find the mood radically shifted. KADISH by French composer Maurice Benhamou is described as a "memory of all those who died in war". It is scored for magnetic tape, 4 trombones, 2 trumpets, 4 chinese gongs, and tamtam.

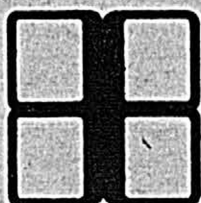
PROLIFERATION by Montrealer Claude Vivier was performed last year at the Composers' Symposium in Boston. At least, one version of it was performed. The work is largely improvisatory, and each playing should bring out different combinations of the Ondes Martinet, piano, and percussion. The composer has described it as "a sonorous universe in which the gesture is of supreme

importance". No doubt puzzled fans will be able to sort out the meaning of this obscure description at the concert.

The fourth work on the programme presents the audience with the first of what will hopefully become a regular presentation of multi-media. DIMENSION, SOLEILS is an animated film conjured by producer Raymond Brousseau, composer Gilles Tremblay, and mathematician Fernand Lemay. It is described as a "Rhythmic ballet which has been kicking around which borders on the astonishing". This innovation by the société finally presents the public with a modern example of the kind of all-encompassing art form which has been kicking around in the minds of composers since Wagner's extravaganzas.

The final work will be ALTERNANCES by Japanese composer Makoto Shino Phara. The piece was written for the Percussion de Strasbourg, and the mere fact that this famous group has lent its name to the work gives the composer a lot to live up to. As the title implies, the work is a series of events which alternates between the calm and the excited.

All in all, a most interesting and varied programme. The Groupe Instrumentale de Montréal will be conducted by Serge Garant who is the Musical Director of the S.M.C.Q.



EDITOR — charlie gurd

ASSOCIATE EDITORS — brian segal, deborah zack

STAFF — louise abbott, john bandlera, paul bochner (drawings p. 2, N.F.B.), andy culver, dave chenoweth, a. diba, emmie geggie, jack karpica, bob karam, graham lorimer, richard may, carla petapiece, madie ryder, patsy stewart, mary swaine, mel weigel.

THANKS — harpes, (banner and logos design, drawing p.4.)

COVER INK, DRAWING BY AHMED YAR KHAN WHO WILL BE EXHIBITING HIS PAINTINGS IN THE MCGILL STUDENT UNION OCTOBER 19-24.

Vacuums are dark. Don't be afraid of the light.

The Supplement wants to create, and to share the creations of students with the community. But if we keep to ourselves, the Supplement will be purposeless — let's come together. The campus isn't as lonely as you think. We are located in the basement of the Student Union, 3480 McTavish, room B41, tel. 392-8921. The Supplement is published every Friday with the McGill Daily by the Student's Society of McGill University.

DRAWING CLASSES:

ANYONE INTERESTED IN DRAWING CLASSES PLEASE LEAVE NAME ON DOOR OF SUPPLEMENT OFFICE. (6 MORE PEOPLE NEEDED).

JACOB BILL - EXHIBITION

Jacob bill galerie goddard lefort until october 24.

Good art is quite often very simple in design and yet often very complex in concept. This is especially so in modern art. Single-minded people are often heard to say "Oh, that's so easy! Even I could do that!" The fact is that a simple minded person would take a complex concept and complicate it. An intelligent person, on the other hand finds the simple core of a complex problem and, in the case of art, provides a new insight to the problem by simplifying the presentation but not in disturbing or destroying the concept.

Jacob Bill, a young Swiss artist, has taken the complex phenomenon of polarized light and, through the effects of colour on colour has provided us with a new insight into the world of optics.

In addition to his painting Mr. Bill is also a student of archaeology and is currently working on his doctoral thesis.

The intimate association of art and science is evident in his work. Using his scientific know-

ledge of polarized light, and his artistic knowledge of colour play and movement, Mr. Bill creates movements on his canvas: circular movements; movements in depth perception and combinations of the two.

His use of acrylics is well founded in portraying his optical effects. Acrylics tend to produce more colour — light than other media. He also has an intimate knowledge of complementary and contrasting colours and he avails himself of the pleasing effects of such colour combinations. No. 2 is especially indicative of this. He takes a flat blue-violet background, superimposes a square composed of blues and lavenders in individual colour-squares, and fills the hollow space with lavenders. Thus he creates a circular motion, a motion in depths, and at the same time provides a pleasing study in the gradations of blues and lavenders.

Another method he uses after to project motion is to take three broad vertical bands, alter the

by john gillis

colour from darker at the bases and lights in the centre, and impose his horizontal stripes in three bands which also vary in shade from bases to center. This is evident in No. 1. In this painting there appears to be a depth in the center which comes out from the painting as it reaches the sides of the painting. But then, as the eye becomes accustomed to this motion, others begin to take over.

There is a definite affinity in the collection on exhibit. Definite motions are created by the transitions of colour in the form of spectrums. The viewer's eye cannot but follow the artist's creation so that a complete appreciation of the work is achieved and the viewer's mind can observe the interesting and natural phenomenon of polarized light. Jacob Bill has done an excellent job in providing a new insight into the duality of science and nature.

QUEBEC FILM



by h.f. welsbord

the mcgill film society will be holding LE FESTIVAL DE FILM QUEBECOIS from october 19 - 22, 6:30 and 9:00 each night in leacock 132. All are encouraged to attend.

Little did Fedor Ozep realize, in 1945, that his first feature film *Le Père Chopin*, would herald the growth of a smoothly functioning, high quality, feature film industry in Quebec. And still few English speaking Quebecers realize that such an industry exists. It took the exploitation films, *L'Initiation*, *Valerie*, *Deux Femmes en Or*, to make them stand up and take notice.

Before the introduction of television into Quebec, in 1953, films reflected the society policed by the heavy-handed Maurice Duplessis. They suffered from a lack of new ideas, a lack of social perspective and an absence of heroic characters. Television and The National Film Board changed that. Writers, producers, and directors discovered that these two new outlets were less provincial in outlook and more universal in demand. Both the NFB and CBC became first training grounds

and then stepping stones for some of the better known independent filmmakers in Quebec today.

A Tout Prendre was released in 1963. Written and directed by Claude Jutra, this film became the "literary confession" of Quebec cinema. It was the retelling of a Jutra love-affair, written in collaboration with his lover, Johane Harelle. It is at once egocentric, perhaps even self-indulgent. But *A Tout Prendre* began a wave of films that explored the individual as a product of society. This theme has carried right up to Jutra's 1969 release, *Wow!*

Pour La Suite de Monde (photo above) is a film in a series by Perrault (*Toutes Isles*, *Au Pays de Neufve France*) that deals with rural Quebecois tradition on *Iles-Aux-Coudres*. It centers around a family, *The Tremblays*, and an action, a dolphin hunt. This is a lyrical film with photography reminiscent of the Film-Board's best landscape stills. Yet it is a tense film as well, filled with the action and drama of the hunt, conducted by men who seek to control their own lives by mastering nature's beasts.

Sarcasm and mocking humour slice into the French-Canadian myths of the Country Girl, The Family, and Clean Living, Church Loving Folk in Gilles Carle's *Le Viol D'une Jeune Fille Douce*. Released in 1968, *Viol* is, perhaps, best-known for its sure-footedness. That is, Quebec cinema was then Established and myths need not be further created. It was time for someone to make a fun film, a film that showed that Les Quebecois were alive and well and living in the late 60's. *Viol* did that. It broke the tension and opened the floodgates for new forward-looking cinema.

Marcel Carrière and Jean-Pierre Lefebvre should not go unmentioned in any discussion of Quebec film. Carrière trained at the NFB, and directed the hilarious *Avec Tambous et Trompettes* before directing a feature, *Saint Dennis*, *Dans le Temps*, in 1969.

Lefebvre is a productive, long-time independent filmmaker who deals with the absurd. *Il ne Faut Pas Mourrir Pour Ça* follows Lefebvre's other films, *Jusqu'au Coeur*, *Mon Amie Pierrette*, and *Mon Oeil*, all done in 1968.



COMING EVENTS

BACK DOOR

Tonight and tomorrow: DAVE BROMBERG

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FILM SOCIETY

Tonight at 6:30 and 9:00: PIERRE ET PAUL (France, 1968)

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McGILL LECTURE SERIES

Oct. 22, room 26 Leacock: JOHN HAWKES, novelist; author of *THE CANNIBAL*, *THE LIME TWIG*, *SECONDSKIN*.

PLAYERS CLUB

Oct. 19 at 1:00: At last the play-ersagmshow. In the union the-

ater. All are welcome, but only paid up members vote on officers etc. So \$1.50 buys you POWER. Abuse yourself, not power.

THEATRE DE NOUVEAU MONDE

Until Nov. 14 - JEUX DE MAS-SACRE by Eugène Ionesco.

SAND WICH THEATRE

Announcing "MOMENTS IN MOVEMENT AND MIME" with Marcel Arouche, Steve Bienstock and Victor Arouche. Individually choreographed pieces are set to pounding rhythms and plastic silences, capped with a group finale featuring - the group. It should be good. Oct. 15 until Oct. 23.

SUPPLEMENT ART EXHIBITION

October 19 - 24, 1st floor Student's Union: The Painting of Ahmed Yar Khan.



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ARAB STUDENTS' SOCIETY

First general meeting is held at 5 pm today (Friday) in Union 123.

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**"DIRECTOR MIKE NICHOLS
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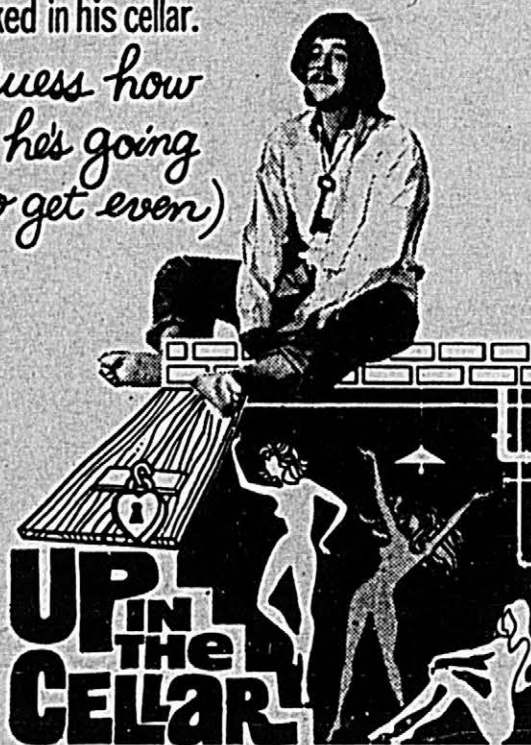
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The ESU statement on representation

The text printed here is the ESU position on student representation in the Economics department. The statement will be presented at today's department meeting. The agenda of the meeting calls for discussion of "recognition of the ESU as spokesman for Economics students" and "consideration of the establishment of a committee consisting of five faculty and five ESU representatives" to study the representation issue. The agenda, produced on Wednesday, follows on the rejection by faculty last Friday of recognition of the union.

The content of courses and the quality of teaching in the Economics Department are the concern of every student.

Over the past few years, faculty has shown little interest in bringing students into the actual decision-making process affecting the evolution of these two questions. The students have therefore chosen to take it upon themselves to change the state of the present organization of the Department.

The Department has acknowledged the existence of student concern. Given the happenings of the last few weeks, it is evident that the workings of the Department will never revert to their anachronistic state.

In the past, the faculty was never obliged to take student opinion into account while the students have always been obliged to acknowledge the decisions of the Faculty.

This state of affairs, in which students are in effect powerless consumers, is frankly unacceptable. The only way to ensure that student opinions and interests are recognized by the Department is to have a legal forum where these opinions and interests will be expressed. The optimum way to ensure that these opinions and interests are taken into account by the Department is to have students exercising their right to vote.

To further these aims, several meetings of students were held, the end result of which was the formation of the Economics Students' Union.

Economics Students Union

At a well-advertised and duly constituted meeting of economics students last Wednesday, October 7, 1970, the Economics Students' Union was brought into existence. Any student taking a course in Economics this year had a right to speak and vote at these meetings. A constitution committee was formed at this meeting; it has produced a proposal for a constitution which will be submitted to all economics students early next week for ratification.

At present, the five persons that have been elected to present the case for student representation to the Department are the only duly-elected representatives of the E.S.U. They hold solely temporary positions which are to disappear as soon as a constitution is approved and an executive elected. (Note that the basic premise behind the proposed constitution is that all academic streams in the Department should be fully represented on the executive or central body of the E.S.U.)

On the basis of the two E.S.U. meetings held to date, the five representatives have been chosen to present a case which has been supported by an overwhelming majority of the group of interested students participating in these meetings.

In both of these meetings there have been dissenting

opinions voiced. These opinions have of course implicitly accepted the majority vote as the position to be presented by the E.S.U.

However, this does not mean that these opinions should not be presented to department or committee meetings dealing with the issue of student participation.

Criteria for participation

It is our feeling that while a continuing role for the E.S.U. should be maintained, this role should not necessarily be that of choosing student representatives to sit on the (hopefully) reformed department meetings and committees.

Nevertheless, it is essential that at this time, when a solution to the present crisis is being sought, the Department accept the E.S.U. as the major spokesman for Economics students. This recognition should be effected primarily through the creation of the committee proposed below.

The position of the E.S.U. on this subject is that there should be, at every level of decision — making within the Department, students participating with a vote.

The E.S.U. has not formulated a rigid policy concerning numbers of students or the structures involved. Instead, we are proposing that the following general criteria should be met in determining a final solution:

- Student representation on the Department must not be perfunctory, but substantive in influencing the operations of the Department. This is not to infer that we are demanding a controlling veto for students, but we must have a significant voice.

- Individual academic streams in the Department (cognate, general, majors, honors, graduate) must have representation which will ensure that their distinctive needs are met.

- As far as possible, student representation should be weighted with respect to the number of students enrolled in these divisions of the Department.

- The students of the Department must exercise a significant influence upon the selection of those who are to teach in the Department.

- The means of selection of student representatives in the Department should be considered in the deliberations of the committee and in forthcoming general meetings of the Economics Students' Union.

Furthermore, we believe that specific considerations must be given regarding the role of students on each of the Department's committees and the Full Meetings. These should include the following:

- Full Department — The Full Meeting of the Department, at present representing only the faculty members, is the final decision-making body. Students must be represented at these meetings. The full department makes decisions which effect the whole economics community, while the largest are students on this body, and on the committee which are responsible to this body, decisions will be made in the interests of everyone in the community.

- Steering Committee — The Steering Committee recommends the agenda for departmental meetings, nomi-

nates personnel for committees and acts for the department in emergencies. To insure that agendas and nominees are equitable to all, students must partake in these decisions. The emergency powers of this committee encompass such a broad scope that its imperative that students share in them.

Committee on Salaries, Promotion and Tenure

This Committee guides the Administration in the promoting or non-renewal of contract decisions and the related salaries. This committee is presently composed of the five full professors. Here the presence of students is most vital. Faculty members have expressed dissatisfaction with the past operations of this committee. The confidentiality of its deliberations has not been maintained under this stress. This has led to misinformation and to all sorts of rumours. Participation of students would put an end to this undesirable trend by definition, since they would be at the source of correct information.

A faculty member is primarily engaged in teaching. Students are the best judges of teaching ability as it is their experience which reflect the ability of a professor to aid in the learning process. The quality of courses is directly related to the quality of professors. Participation in the elaboration of an ideal course necessarily entails the selection of a qualified teacher.

The argument that students are here only on a transitory basis only reinforces the argument. They are the ones who will soon be putting this education to a practical test.

Graduate Committee

Graduate students would participate in this committee to make the department aware of the problems they face in course work and thesis preparation. It is a reasonable to assume that students approaching completion of their doctoral requirements are better versed in their specific topics than members of the faculty and accordingly can contribute significantly to the knowledge of the department.

- Undergraduate — Students in undergraduate courses approaching material for the first time are especially aware of badly taught courses, disjointed reading lists and irrational curricula. Their presence would must be an essential asset in the deliberations of this committee.

- Seminars by visiting economists — This committee invites economists from outside McGill to present seminars. Students attend these seminars hoping to be exposed to different views.

In addition, students may be able to suggest potential new professors who would be interested in giving seminars as part of an evaluation included in the hiring procedure.

Student-Faculty structure committee

As a proposal to be acted upon immediately we make the following. At the Department meeting of Friday, October 16 a committee be set up to make a report concerning new structures for the Department. This committee should be constituted of five faculty members and the five representatives of the E.S.U.

This committee should begin immediately earnest deliberations to find a solution to the problems raised recently. It should solicit and accept written briefs from all interested students and faculty members, so that all opinions can be heard.

The committee should report back to a Departmental meeting on Friday October 23. The reasoning behind this one week proposal is not to force the committee to return with a full solution to the problem of student participation. It would be to inform the Economics community on the issues where agreement has not yet been reached and on the different arguments presented.

It is our opinion that progress will be made within a week and to have this reported back in the shortest time span possible should help ease some of the strain generated by recent events.

Let us hope that today's department meeting accepts the E.S.U. and sets up the appropriate student-faculty committee. Having this committee report back within a week will also be considered by the students as a sign of good faith on the part of the faculty and that the issue is not being directed towards oblivion.

From all signs this week, we believe the Department has taken a course leading to a fair and expedient solution to the crisis of the last month. We hope the meeting today will bear out these expectations.

Louis Asch
Gilles N. Larin
Joy Parr
Fitz Sargent
David Young
for the E.S.U.



Movement...

(Continued from page 1)

voice of democracy, ostle."

The meeting ended peacefully after Michel Chartrand made a final appeal to the audience to canvass workers in the factories, students in the schools and neighbours in the quarters in order to mobilize mass support for the demands of the FLQ. Lemieux then shouted over the microphone, "NOUS VAINCRONS!"

FLQ's...

(Continued from page 1)

Six of the 23 prisoners whose release is demanded by the FLQ are held in federal institutions. Lemieux pointed out that there is no guarantee that the federal government will release these prisoners even if the provincial government decides to do so.

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The objectives of Operation Debrayage

We know the goals of the FLQ. Its manifesto indicates clearly who the people are that live the life of colonials as we do, and, who like us, want to liberate themselves. We also know the interests of governments: they are there to protect the privileges of a small minority of the rich who oppress us. The FLQ's means are violent, but those of governments are even more so (consider their action in connection only with the medical specialists). We have irresponsible governments who are concerned with protecting their interests as the privileged and who appeal to soldiers so that they will not be overthrown. The soldiers are not there to defend us. They only defend the buildings of high finance and the rich remain the rich exploiters. One does not see the soldiers protect houses in St. Henri because they know

that the FLQ does not attack those who are in the same situation as they are. The FLQ is fighting for the people of St. Henri. For ten days we have watched the FLQ struggle like we watch a hockey game. It is time that we break the climate of panic that the mass-media has imposed on us (now the army) and that we informed the people of the real meaning of the FLQ action.

We propose that students hold general assemblies tomorrow in which they will take a position on the following policies of action:

- General strike in all schools in Quebec.
- distribution of the first tract of Operation Debrayage.
- distribution of this list of proposals to soldiers stationed in Montreal.

- the establishment of a telephone center to provide information on the current situation.
- graffiti in buses and metro.
- refusal to speak English at work from tomorrow on.
- turning on of car headlights and the sounding of horns in the streets of all the big cities tomorrow at 3 pm.
- distribution of information to people on sidewalks tomorrow at 7 pm.
- strike of artists from Friday on and the holding of information sessions at show-time.
- design and put up the flags of patriots on outside doors of buildings.
- put up the FLQ manifesto on outside doors of buildings.
- distribution of the FLQ manifesto.

Operation Debrayage is a U de Q analysis of necessary action for solidarity with FLQ

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SOVIET JEWRY DEMONSTRATION

* Oct. 18th cancelled

SOVIET JEWRY TEACH-IN

* Oct. 25, 26th still on as scheduled

SPEAKER

Sun. Oct. 25 L132
8 PM

Rabbi Abraham
Fineberg

Erich Goldhagen

Dennis Prager

Gunther Lawrence

Mon. Oct. 26 L26,
8 PM

STREETNOISE

Streetnoise, produced by Radio McGill, through the facilities of CFQR-FM 92.5 mhz, 12:30 Friday night, until 6:00 Saturday morning.

This week Streetnoise presents a program entirely designed by members of the female species. Included is survey of Motown (a biggie, folks, by a member of the type setters union no 69), a discussion of the psychedelic experience, poetry by Kahil Gibran and the Desidrata, with music by the Stones, Van Morrison, The Blues Project, Santana, Tim Buckley, Jethro Tull, Joe Cocker, the complete cast of World War II, and many a surprise visit from the man in the moon, stay tuned, more to follow.



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Of JV football and other things

Despite the fact that McGill's varsity programme has been so successful in both its calibre and fan response, junior varsity has been virtually overlooked. As a matter of fact, Coach Steve Doty is so overlooked, that it would take someone of Nancy Drew's capabilities to find his office.

Let it not be said, however, that Daily sportswriters are not an intrepid, efficient bunch. For, finally, we found Coach Doty's office entrenched beneath an old ping pong table, and there was Coach Doty, lying prostrate amid a maze of stinking torn

sweatshirts, battered helmets and pointy red and white Addidas. We first asked Coach Doty for his reaction to the proposed cutback of funds which would mark the demise of his Indians next year. The coach appeared quite dismayed because he had seriously been hoping for a new office.

"I had been promised the bathroom adjacent to Harry Griffith's office, and use of the bottom two drawers of his desk".

If only the Indians could have had 1/25th the number of fans the Orioles drew for the world

series.

Speaking of the world series, its unbelievable how pissed I am that those fucking Orioles won. Sparky Anderson might have done a good job for Cincinnati during the year, but in this year's classic, he sucked. First of all, going with Tony Cloninger in the third game was a totally ludicrous move.

If he would have gone with Gullett instead, I really think the 19 year old fastballer would have done a job.

Oh yeah... the Indians play this Sunday, 2:00 pm., at College Militaire in St Jean, Quebec.

Mini-Market

These ads may be placed in the advertising office at the University Centre from 10 am to 4 pm. Ads received by noon appear the following day. Rates: 3 consecutive insertions - \$2.00; maximum 20 words. 10¢ per extra word.

FORSALE

1962 VOLVO 122S, Station Wagon. In good mechanical condition. \$300 or nearest offer. Phone Jim Gilmour, 3-5 PM, 392-5498.

TAPER RECORDER-Portable. Sony. Barely used. \$180. 931-3142 evenings.

SOFA, THREE-PIECE SECTIONAL, brown tweed, good condition. \$50. 738-5074.

MR. TYPEWRITER HAS EVERYTHING in typewriters. Portable electrics from \$129, manuals from \$35, rentals from \$5. Free delivery, repairs. STUDENT DISCOUNTS. 4910 Sherbrooke W. 487-5551.

LABCOATS available in McIntyre bldg. Room 129. All sizes including ladies. Open 8:30 AM - 4:30 PM.

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SINGLE BED, single bedboard, double bed headboard, footboard, spring etc., no mattress. 845-3973.

VOLKSWAGEN 1968, overhauled motor, radio, heater, complete set of summer/winter tires like new, top running condition. Best offer. 849-9855.

SOFA AND MATCHING SOFA CHAIRS, small tables, chairs, tv., moveable standing clothes cupboard, beds, bureaus, all very low priced. Also 5 foot tall Japanese lantern style floor lamps for \$15., handmade at the Center Zen Meditation Center. 849-9023.

HONDA 1970 model 175 C.C. 1400 miles. Asking \$485.00. Will store during winter. please call 388-1954 evenings after 10.

SNOW TIRES, 2 14" wheels with goodyear 735 snow tires in good condition. \$10 each. 392-5198 or 484-5165.

HOUSING

ROOM AND BOARD \$27 per week. Very clean, close to McGill. 456 Pine Avenue. Apartment 2. Phone 849-5030 or 645-3987.

SUBLET 1 1/2. Nov. 1 to Aug. 31. Durocher. Heated, equipped, laundry. Facilities, water tax paid. Some furniture. \$75 per month (normally \$95). 844-8381.

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MALE WANTED TO SHARE LARGE APT. Durocher, own room, partly furn., \$55 monthly, phone 849-2014, 288-2653.

CHANCE TO JOIN A STUDENT CO-OP Meet new people. Double room with balcony, beautiful view \$45 1310 Pine. Call 844-2122.

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UNIVERSITY COOPERATIVE RESIDENCE, 3609 University Street. \$70 a month. Includes 6 suppers a week, free telephone, free parking, etc. 844-6802.

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MISCELLANEOUS

"MAN FOR ALL SEASONS, with Paul Schofield, Saturday October 17, 7:00, 9:30 PM Leacock 132. \$1.00 admission.

STUDENTS-EUROPE FOR CHRISTMAS Easter or Summer? Employment opportunities, economic flights, discounts. Write for information (air mail). Anglo America Association, 60a Pyle Street, Newport I. W. England.

BABYSITTER AVAILABLE all week at reasonable rate. Those interested contact Maria at 288-1430. Otherwise, 843-4362 and leave name and number.

STUDENTS! DOING ANYTHING OCT. 31ST? Come to a Greek Ball for St. Michael's Parish. Hotel Bonaventure, 8 PM. \$10 each, supper included. Call Connie 332-9194.

MRON FRERES knoweth a better method; ask Drapac & Co.

AFRICAN STUDENTS ASSOCIATION: Meet your fellow members, discuss this year's schedule. Refreshments provided. Union B 26-27 PM.

Had ye but faith, you could move mountains, JESUS.

LUNCHES ON US! Mon 19th to Wed. 21st. Find out about Fraternity life. Phi Delta Fraternity, 3581 University.

MALE AGE 19 etcetera: Wrong phone number, apply in person.

THE VICIOUS GAME the Magus plays is not a game but life itself... Or is it death? October 25 Gardner Hall.

McGill Film Society Presents PIERRE ET PAUL L. 132, 6:30 & 9:00, Tonight!

WEEKENDS AT THE "Y": Fridays, sound and light show. Saturdays, music for dancing. 9 to 1-Downtown YMCA, Drummond Street.

TRAVEL - pleasant girl seeking female companion to spend 2 to 3 winter months in Hawaii (Nov. - Jan.) part time hotel work is planned. 487-4334.

PHI KAP OPEN HOUSE - Another classic football bash-Sat. Oct. 17, 4:30 to infinity. Boys \$1.00 - Girls Free. 3647 University (near Pine) Y'all Welcome.

ARAB STUDENTS! The McGill Arab Students' Society holds its first general meeting at 5 PM Friday October 16 in Union 123.

FLIGHT TO U.K. \$170, depart Dec. 20th. Return Jan. 12th for members of McGill University. 739-3128, 849-2576, 3524 Hutchison, apt. 2.

DROP INTO 5172 QUEEN MARY on your way to the bus stop 5166. Extra new ladies knits (sweaters and mid outfits) at half price.

NEW LPs: Johnny Winter, Young Bloods, Niel Young, Rolling Stones, Jimi Hendrix, Melanie at Phantasmagoria 3472 Park near Milton - 845-4445.

CAMERA CLUB: Membership cards available on Thursday 15 at 1:00, Friday 16 12:00 in front of darkroom \$5.00. Come and get one. All last year members better clear out their lockers soon as contents will be confiscated on Oct. 28.

TO SHNOOGIE: Happy 24th Libral! Everybody give Dan a big huggy, a big kissy, and a dixie cup. Affectionately, Uana.

LAMBDA CHI OPEN HOUSE: Friday night 8:30 Lotsa music and beer, Guys 50 cents, girls - free. 3505 Peel (behind union).

CHORAL SOCIETY meets every Tuesday at 6:00 PM in the Union ballroom. Come and make beautiful music with us! no auditions.

HAVE LUNCH PAID BY US and discuss fraternities. PHI KAPPA PI Fraternity, 3547 University (red door), Oct. 17 1970.

RIDES

WANTED RIDE TO TORONTO. Any weekend. Will share expenses and driving. Call Michael, 842-0977 room 206. Leave message.

CARS FOR DELIVERY. To Western Canada, U.S.A., Maritimes and Toronto. Western Drive Away 932-6151. 1225 St. Marc Suite 1204.

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WANTED

Wanted: 1 JOGGER (JOGETTE?) Female. No experience necessary. Must be able to take a good shower. Phone Sender 484-5091.

BYCYCLE WANTED second-hand bike needed. Also, Wide brim suede hats for sale. 3475 St. Urbain, apt. 1202. 844-8243 Howard.

Want to purchase immediately: Psychology 408 textbook: THE PRINCIPLES OF BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION BY BANDURA. Call Mrs. Markowitz or leave message at 481-5113.

STEADY BABYSITTER Victoria-Lacomb area for 2 year old one-two evenings/week, preferably living nearby. Call evenings 739-9944.

WAITRESS WANTED - Pompidou Coffee House, 1195 Crescent-Attractiveness and personality an asset-apply after 7 evenings.

TRUMPET PLAYER - for a tijuana type band-to play harmony and lead-Tony 738-7539, Arthur 363-1961.

Wanted: MEN'S BICYCLE - call Dana after 6 PM 488-2824.

LIBERTARIANS, ANARCHISTS, VOLUNTARY COMMUNALISTS, classical liberals, objectivists, all those who believe that "gov't is best which governs least; gov't is better which governs not at all". We have to do something. Call Dan at 845-1054.

LOST

Would the person who took my BROWN SUEDE JACKET from the Union Fri (Oct. 9) morning please contact me. 467-3552. Reward no questions.

BROWN WALLET in Moysie Hall Oct. 13. Important papers. Reward-Phone. Dean 737-3028 after 6 PM.

Currie Gym, east wings. TURQUOISE PARKER "61" BALL POINT pen. Silver cap. Gray stone embedded in top. Great sentimental value. Reward. Phone 845-2863.

BLACK LEATHER WALLET Oct. 13 in McConnell Cafeteria. Contains money, miscellaneous things and important personal papers. Reward. Please contact 935-1757.

GOLD ID. BRACELET with initials M.C. on it. Reward offered. Contact Maria 254-5743.

BLACK RM PRESCRIPTION glasses at the Three Bares last Thursday. Please contact Seana O'Regan 697-0803.

Booters eke out win

On Tuesday evening, the McGill Soccer team 'upset' the undefeated, and highly-rated U. of Montreal. 'Upset' it was as the U. of M. squad outplayed the Redmen for the majority of the contest. However McGill fought for a full 90 minutes, and with three minutes to go scored the winning goal. Final score 2-1.

The U. of M. opened first at the thirty minute mark as they caught the McGill defense up-field.

Midway through the second half, Mario Kuep Leong picked up a long pass and darted into the U. of M. goal area. The goalie came out and Mario scored, giving the McGill team new spirit.

Throughout the game McGill had been knocked off the ball, but the forwards, especially Mike Fulop at outside right, kept double tackling to break the poise of their opponents.

Kuldif Singh, McGill's fast inside left, continually broke through into the twenty yard area, looking for a breakaway. It came with about five minutes to go.

Fulop stumbled and fell, but kept the ball in play. He beat the fullback and crossed a beautiful goal line shot to Kuldif, who had broken speed, but was still able to take the ball into the left corner.

It was a fine team goal, and for the remainder of the game, McGill played man to man to hold U. of M. in check.

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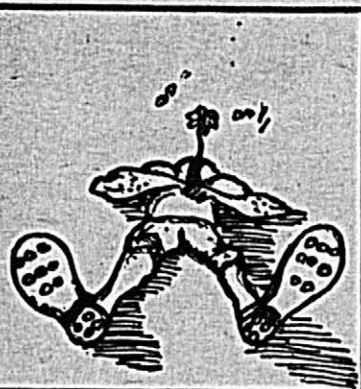
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Football



Redmen in fourth place; Host hapless warriors

by Josh Freed

It sort of reminds you of a bad western.

Two local toughs, 'Snake-eyes' Larson and 'Blood'n'guts' LeGrue have just gotten into a little 'altercation' over who's top dog in town. 'Snake-eyes', catching 'Blood'n'guts' by surprise, has levelled him with a flurry of punches, followed by a knee in the groin and a spur in the mouth, all of which have left the recipient lying rather disconsolately in the middle of the road, more-injured in pride than by physical abuse.

Just then, the town drunk saunters by.

Blood'n'guts, visibly upset yet sensing an easier target for his

frustration-aggression complex, grabs the wino savagely. Breathing what can only be a sigh of Freudian tension-relief, he pounds the drunk into the 'pavement', extracting four of his molars and inflicting lethal bite-wounds to the neck.

Such might be a rather crude analogy to Saturday's upcoming football contest in which the Waterloo Warriors, doormats of the OQAA, wander in on the McGill Redmen, who are fresh off a 44-11 mauling at the hands of the Queen's Golden Gaels. The result should be nothing short of manslaughter.

It should be pointed out, however, that the Warriors are no

ordinary 'league doormat'. They have earned their title in fine fashion, losing 27-10 to Western, 27-0 to Toronto, and 1-0 to the McMaster Hockey team.

Consequently, it becomes inconceivable to consider a Redmen loss. McGill will win; the only question is the margin of victory.

If McGill has taken the Gael's loss to heart then there is no reason why they should not annihilate the Warriors. They have the latent talent; all that is required is for them to put it to use.

The offensive line must give Smith better protection. As well they have to open up the holes for McGill's power-backs,

Fleiszer and Aikin, both of whom were stifled last week-end.

Smith, in the meantime, will have to regain his passing form, which he left lying somewhere along the Kingston 10 yard line. He will also have to do something about the tragic flaw of the Redmen offense — the Q.B. option play.

This play was the bread-and-butter call of the 1970 Yates Cup winners, but ironic justice has turned it into the biggest headache of this year's squad. It has resulted in at least one fumble in each of the Redmen's contests and cost the Redmen the gameturning touchdown in Kingston. If Smith cannot master it by Saturday's game, then the play had better be retired to the McGill Football Hall of Fame.

As well the defensive linebackers and halfbacks will have to prove to themselves and the team that last Saturday's nightmarish performance is a thing of the past. They will be tested amply by last year's leading OQAA receiver, Don Manahan, a Waterloo veteran.

In any event, the Redmen have been worked to the hilt all week by Mentor Mooney who says that 'the boys are hitting hard'. Mooney was 'dismayed' to say the least by the Queen's loss and said it was the most complete team let-down he had ever experienced. Mooney also suggested that the team 'hasn't got the desire we used to and we're gonna have to pull together.'

A good place to start would be this week's contest. With the exception of place-kicker Ron Kelly who may return to action next week, the Redmen are at full strength. If they can eradicate the Warriors and abstain from injury, then they should be in a better frame of mind for their upcoming survival bouts with Queen's and Toronto.

Game time is 2 p.m., Saturday at Molson Stadium. Come and cheer for your favorite team.

Band won't wear off

Rumours of the emergence of a new radical offshoot of the McGill Marching Band are false. The band is a non-radical, non political group and its connection with the newly formed society, M.U.M.C.S., is strictly musical.

Public relations director, Norm Rosen, revealed that the new group was formed as a direct result of the Task Forces austerity program which has threatened to permanently silence the Band at the end of the current football season.

What is M.U.M.C.S.? It's the McGill University Marching Choral Society, which, on Oct. 17, will be the first choral society ever to sing at a Canadian university football game. It is an autonomous body meant to reinforce the position of the Redmen band and will be the highlight of the team's homecoming week.



by Alex Alpern

AIKIN UP THE MIDDLE: The Redmen's sputtering ground game gets a practice session this Saturday at 2 p.m. in Molson Stadium

	STANDINGS			
	WON	LOST	TIED	POINTS
Toronto	2	0	1	5
Queen's	2	1	0	4
Western	2	1	0	4
McGill	1	1	1	3
McMaster	1	2	0	2
Waterloo	0	3	0	0

GAMES THIS SATURDAY

Toronto at Queens

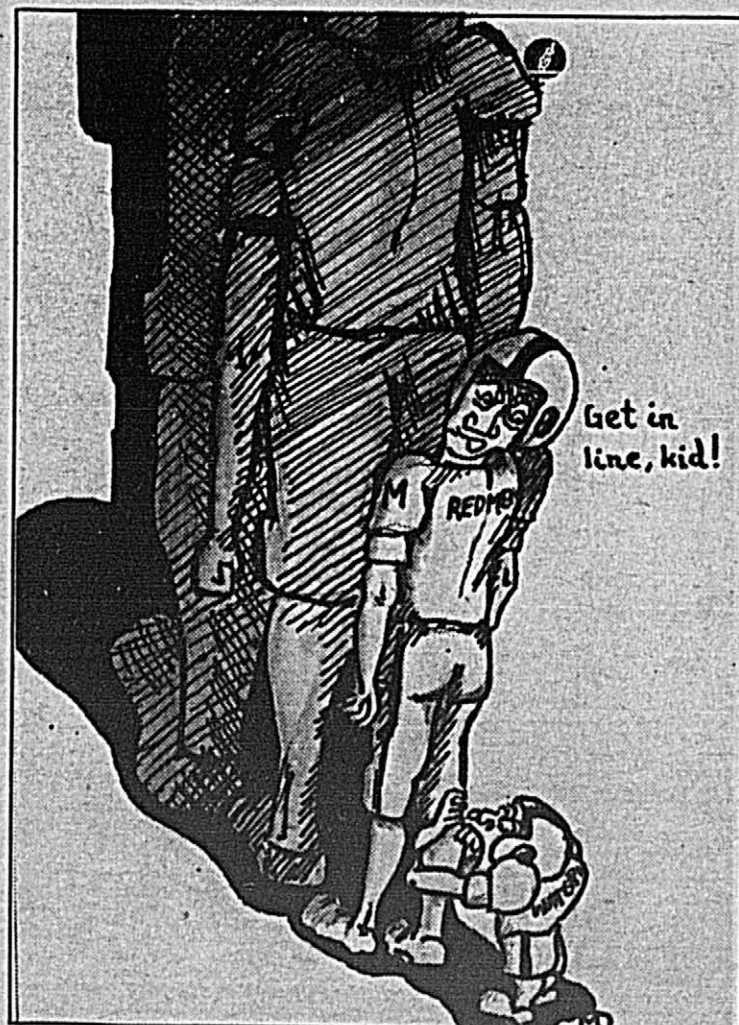
Waterloo at McGill

McMaster at Western

LEADING SCORERS		TD	POINTS
Peter Bender	McGill	5	30
Keith Eaman	Queens	5	30
Glen Markle	Toronto	5	30
Doug Cozak	Queens	—	18
Dan Smith	McGill	1	14

LEADING RUSHERS		CARRIES	YARDS
Glen Markle	Toronto	54	214
Bob Wilson	Western	33	172
Dave Fleiszer	McGill	33	169
Mark Baldasaro	McMaster	33	134
Heino Lilles	Queens	15	133
Keith Eaman	Queens	31	127

LEADING PASSERS		ATTEMPTS	COMP	YARDS
Dan Smith	McGill	80	34	542
Art Rochette	Queens	52	27	413
Vic Albioni	Toronto	41	17	328
Steve Stefanko	Western	36	18	327
Alec Lockington	McMaster	34	20	316
Cam Crosby	Waterloo	34	13	169



Redmen - Waterloo in last place 'battle'?